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AGENTS.

[illegible]

MISCELLANIES.

THE FATAL REPAST.

We had been nearly five weeks at sea, when [illegible], by a nautical observation, that [illegible] one hundred and thirty miles of the north side of Jamaica. Favourable winds [illegible] had hitherto been our constant [illegible], and every thing on board conspired [illegible] the confinement and monotony of a long voyage less annoying than they usually are. The [illegible] passengers consisted of Major and Mrs. L., a new married couple; Miss P——, sister to the latter; Mr. D——, a young Irishman, and my[self]. The captain was a man of pleasing manners [illegible] ideas, and formed an important [addition] to our party, by joining in all its recreations, and affording every facility to the indulgence of them. Much of our time was spent in [illegible], and in walking on deck; and when the dews of evening obliged us to descend [illegible], the captain would often entertain us with a relation of the various dangers which he [illegible] had encountered at sea, or describe [illegible] gravity, some of the prevailing superstitions [illegible].

[illegible] possessed more general information [than] usually falls to the lot of seafaring persons, [but] was tinctured with some of their [illegible] prejudices. The ladies of our party had a great taste for natural history, and [illegible] specimens of all the most interesting kinds of sea birds. They had several times requested the captain to shoot one of Mother Carey's chickens, that they might take a drawing [of] it; however, he always declined doing it, [and] never gave any satisfactory reason for his [refusal] to oblige them in this respect. At length Mr. D—— killed two of the birds, after having several times missed whole flocks of them.—The captain seemed very much startled when he saw the animals drop on the waves. "Will you [illegible] or let down the boat to pick up the game?" said Mr. D——. "Yes, sir," replied [he], "if you'll go off in her, and never return on board this vessel.—Here is a serious business. [illegible] not seen the end of it." He [illegible] away without offering to give any [illegible] lowering the boat; and the seamen, who witnessed the transaction, looked as if they would not have obeyed him had he even done so.

[illegible] land, every thing proved [illegible] in the West India seas. The sky had, within a few days, begun to assume a more [illegible] and long ranges of tropical shapes [illegible] along the horizon. Land birds, with [illegible] plumage, often hovered round the [vessel], and we sometimes fancied we could distinguish [illegible] fragrance in the breezes that [illegible].

[illegible] morning, when we were [illegible] of making the land, some [illegible]. As the weather was [illegible], the captain proposed that we [illegible]; and a great many books [illegible] baited for that purpose by the [illegible]. We caught large quantities of dolphin, and of another kind of fish, and put the whole into the hands of the steward, with orders that part should be dressed for dinner, and part distributed among the crew.

When the dinner hour arrived, we all assembled in the cabin, in high spirits, and sat down to table. It being St. George's day, the captain, who was an Englishman, had ordered that every thing should be provided and set forth in the most sumptuous [illegible], and the steward had done full justice [illegible]. We made the wines, which [illegible] and abundant, circulate rapidly, and every glass increased our gaiety and good humour, while the influence of our mirth rendered [illegible] additionally amusing and animated.—The captain remarked, that as there were two [illegible] among the crew, we ought to [illegible] them from the quarter deck at sunset.—[This] proposal was received with much delight, [illegible] by the females of our party; and the [illegible] the servant in waiting to bid [illegible] prepare themselves, when the mate [illegible] the cabin, and said, that the man at the [helm had] dropped down almost senseless, and [that] another of the crew was so ill that he could [illegible].

The captain, on receiving this information, [turned] very pale, and seemed at a loss what to reply. At length he started from his chair, and hurried [up] the gangway. Our mirth ceased in a moment, [though] none of us appeared to know why; [illegible] of all were evidently occupied by [illegible], and Major L——, remarked, in a faltering voice, that seamen were [illegible] suddenly ill in hot climates.

[illegible] little time, we sent the servant to inquire what was going forward upon deck. He returned immediately, and informed us that the [illegible] were worse, and that a third had just been attacked in the same way. He had scarcely [illegible], when Mrs. L—— gave a [illegible], and cried out that her sister had fainted away. This added to our confusion and alarm; and the Major and Mr. D—— trembled so much, that they were hardly able to convey the young lady to her state room.

All conversation was now at an end, and no one uttered a word till Mrs. L—— returned from her sister's apartment. While we were inquiring how the latter was, the captain entered the cabin in a state of great agitation. "This is a dreadful business," said he. "The fact is—it is my duty to tell you—I fear we are all poisoned by the fish we have ate. One of the crew died a few minutes since, and five others are dangerously ill."

"Poisoned! my God! Do you say so?—Must we all die?" exclaimed Mrs. L——, dropping on her knees. "What is to be done?" cried the Major distractedly; "are there no means of counteracting it?"—"None that I know of," returned the captain. "All remedies are vain.—The poison is always fatal, except—but I begin to feel its effects—support me—can this be imagination?" He staggered to one side, and would have fallen upon the floor, had not I assisted him. Mrs. L——, notwithstanding his apparent insensibility, clung to his arm, crying out, in a tone of despair, "Is there no help—no pity—no one to save us?" and then fainted away on her husband's bosom, who, turning to me, said, with quivering lips, "You are a happy man; you have nothing to embitter your last moments—Oh, Providence! was I permitted to escape so many dangers, merely that I might suffer this misery?"

Mrs. L—— soon regained her senses, and I endeavored to calm her agitation by remarking, that we might possibly escape the fatal influence of the poison, as some constitutions were not so easily affected by it as others. "Is there then a little hope?" she exclaimed. "Oh! God grant it may be so! How dreadful to die in the midst of the ocean, far from friends and home, and then to be thrown into the deep!"—"There is one thing," said the captain faintly, "I was going to tell you, that—but this sensation—I mean a remedy."—"Speak on," cried the major in breathless suspense. "It may have a chance of saving you," continued the former; "you must immediately"—He gave a deep sigh, and dropped his head upon his shoulder, apparently unable to utter a word more. "Oh, this is the worst of all!" cried Mrs. L—— in agony; "he was on the point of telling us how to counteract the effect of the poison—Was it heavenly mercy that deprived him of the power of speech? Can it be called mercy?"—"Hush, hush! you rave," returned her husband. "We have only to be resigned now—Let us at least die together."

The crew had dined about an hour and a half before us, and consequently felt the effects of the poison much earlier than we did. Every one, however, now began to exhibit alarming symptoms. Mr. D—— became delirious; the major lay upon the cabin floor in a state of torpidity; and the captain had drowned all sense and recollection by drinking a large quantity of brandy.—Mrs. L—— watched her husband and her sister alternately, in a state of quiet despair.

I was comparatively but little affected, and therefore employed myself in assisting others until they seemed to be past all relief, and then sat down, anticipating the horrid consequences which would result from the death of the whole ship's company.

While thus occupied, I heard the steersman call out, "Taken all aback here." A voice, which I knew to be the mate's, immediately answered, "Well, and what's that to us? Put her before the wind, and let her go where she pleases." I soon perceived, by the rushing of the water, that there was a great increase in the velocity of the ship's progress, and went upon deck to ascertain the cause.

I found the mate stretched upon the top of the companion, and addressed him, but he made no reply. The man at the helm was tying a rope round the tiller, and told me he had become so blind and dizzy, that he could neither steer nor see the compass, and would therefore fix the rudder in such a manner, as would keep the ship's head as near the wind as possible. On going forward to the bows, I found the crew lying motionless in every direction. They were either insensible of the dangerous situation in which our vessel was, or totally indifferent to it; and all my representations on this head failed to draw forth an intelligible remark from any of them. Our ship carried a great deal of canvass, the lower studding sails being up, for we had enjoyed a gentle breeze directly astern, before the wind headed us in the way already mentioned.

About an hour after sunset, almost every person on board seemed to have become worse. I alone retained my senses unimpaired. The wind now blew very fresh, and we went through the water at the rate of ten miles an hour. The night looked dreary and turbulent. The sky was covered with large fleeces of broken clouds, and the stars flashed angrily through them, as they were wildly hurried along by the blast. The sea began to run high, and the masts showed, by their incessant creaking, that they carried more sail than they could well sustain.

I stood alone near the stern of the ship. Nothing could be heard above or below deck, but the dashing of the surges, and the moanings of the wind. All the people on board were to me the same as dead; and I was tossed about, in the vast expanse of waters, without a companion or fellow sufferer. I knew not what might be my fate, or where I should be carried. The vessel, as it careered along the raging deep, uncontrolled by human hands, seemed under the guidance of a relentless demon, to whose caprices its ill-fated crew had been mysteriously consigned by some superior power.

I was filled with dread lest we should strike upon rocks, or run ashore, and often imagined that the clouds which bordered the horizon were the black cliffs of some desolate coast. At last, I distinctly saw a light at some distance—I anticipated instant destruction—I grew irresolute whether to remain upon deck, and face death, or to wait for it below. I soon discovered a ship a little way ahead—I instinctively ran to the helm, and loosed the rope that tied the tiller, which at once bounded back, and knocked me over. A horrible crashing and loud cries, now broke upon my ear, and I saw that we had got entangled with another vessel. But the velocity with which we swept along, rendered our extrication instantaneous; and, on looking back, I saw a ship, without a bowsprit, pitching irregularly among the waves, and heard the rattling of cordage, and a tumult of voices. But, after a little time, nothing was distinguishable by the eye or by the ear. My situation appeared doubly horrible, when I reflected that I had just been within call of human creatures, who might have saved and assisted all on board, had not an evil destiny hurried us along, and made us the means of injuring those who alone were capable of affording us relief.

About midnight, our fore top mast gave way, and fell upon deck with a tremendous noise. The ship immediately swung round, and began to labour in a terrible manner, while several waves broke over her succesively.

I had just resolved to descend the gangway for shelter, when a white figure rushed past me with a wild shriek, and sprung overboard. I saw it struggling among the billows, and tossing about its arms distractedly, but had no means of affording it any assistance. I watched it for some time, and observed its convulsive motions gradually grow more feeble; but its form soon became undistinguishable amidst the foam of the bursting waves. The darkness prevented me from discovering who had thus committed himself to the deep in a moment of madness, and I felt a strong repugnance at attempting to ascertain it, and rather wished that it might have been some spectre, or the offspring of my perturbed imagination, than a human being.

As the sea continued to break over the vessel, I went down to the cabin, after having closely shut the gangway doors and companion. Total darkness prevailed below. I addressed the captain and all my fellow passengers by name, but received no reply from any of them, though I sometimes fancied I heard moans and quick breathing, when the tumult of waters without happened to subside a little. But I thought that it was perhaps imagination, and that they were probably all dead. I began to catch for breath, and felt as if I had been immured in a large coffin along with a number of corpses, and was doomed to linger out life beside them. The sea beat against the vessel with a noise like that of artillery, and the crashing of the bulwarks, driven in by its violence, gave startling proof of the danger that threatened us. Having several times been dashed against the cabin walls by the violent pitching of the ship, I groped for my bed, and lay down in it, and, notwithstanding the horrors that surrounded me, gradually dropped asleep.

When I awaked, I perceived, by the sunbeams that shone through the skylight, that the morning was far advanced. The ship rolled violently at intervals, but the noise of winds and waves had altogether ceased. I got up hastily, and almost dreaded to look round, lest I should find my worst anticipations concerning my companions too fatally realized.

I immediately discovered the captain lying on one side of the cabin quite dead. Opposite him was Major L——, stretched along the floor, and grasping firmly the handle of the door of his wife's apartment. He had, I suppose, in a moment of agony, wished to take farewell of the partner of his heart, but had been unable to get beyond the spot where he now lay. He looked like a dying man, and Mrs. L——, who sat beside him, seemed to be exhausted with grief and terror. She tried to speak several times, and at last succeeded in informing me that her sister was better. I could not discover Mr. D—— any where, and therefore concluded that he was the person who had leaped overboard the preceding night.

On going upon deck, I found that every thing wore a new aspect. The sky was dazzling and cloudless, and not the faintest breath of wind could be felt. The sea had a beautiful bright green color, and was calm as a small lake, except when an occasional swell rolled from that quarter in which the wind had been the preceding night; and the water was so clear, that I saw to the bottom, and even distinguished little fishes sporting around the keel of our vessel.

Four of the seamen were dead, but the mate and the remaining three had so far recovered, as to be able to walk across the deck. The ship was almost in a disabled state. Part of the wreck of the foretopmast lay upon her bows, and the rigging and sails of the mainmast had suffered much injury. The mate told me, that the soundings, and almost every thing else, proved we were on the Bahama banks, though he had not yet ascertained on what part of them we lay, and consequently could not say whether we had much chance of soon falling in with any vessel.

The day passed gloomily. We regarded every cloud that rose upon the horizon as the forerunner of a breeze, which we above all things feared to encounter. Much of our time was employed in preparing for the painful but necessary duty of interring the dead. The carpenter soon got ready a sufficient number of boards, to each of which we bound one of the corpses, and also weights enough to make it sink to the bottom.

About ten at night we began to commit the bodies to the deep. A dead calm had prevailed the whole day, and not a cloud obscured the sky.—The sea reflected the stars so distinctly, that it seemed as if we were consigning our departed companions to a heaven as resplendent as that above us. There was an awful solemnity, alike in the scene and our situation. I read the funeral service, and then we dropped the corpses overboard, one after another. The sea sparkled around each, as its sullen plunge announced that the waters were closing over it, and they all slowly and successively descended to the bottom, enveloped in a ghastly glimmering brightness, which enabled us to track their progress through the motionless deep. When these last offices of respect were performed, we retired in silence to different parts of the ship.

About midnight, the mate ordered the men to put down our anchor, which, till then, they had not been able to accomplish. They likewise managed to furl most of the sails, and we went to bed, under the consoling idea that though a breeze did spring up, our moorings would enable us to weather it without any risk.

I was roused early next morning by a confused noise upon deck. When I got there, I found the men gazing intently over the side of the ship, and inquired if our anchor held fast?—"Ay, ay," returned one of them, "rather faster than we want it." On approaching the bulwarks, and looking down, I perceived, to my horror and astonishment all the corpses lying at the bottom of the sea, as if they had just been dropt into it. We could even distinguish their features glimmering confusedly through the superincumbent mass of ocean. A large block happened to fall overboard, and the agitation which it occasioned in the sea produced an apparent augmentation of their number, and a horrible distortion of their limbs and countenances. A hundred corpses seemed to start up and struggle wildly together, and then gradually to vanish among the eddying waters, as they subsided into a state of calmness.

We were now exempted from the ravages and actual presence of death, but his form haunted us without intermission. We hardly dared to look over the ship's side, lest our eyes should encounter the ghastly features of some one who had formerly been a companion, and at whose funeral rites we had recently assisted. The seamen began to murmur among themselves, saying that we would never be able to leave the spot where we then were, and that our vessel would rot away as fast as the dead bodies that lay beneath it.

In the evening, a strong breeze sprung up, and filled us with hopes that some vessel would soon come in sight and afford us relief. At sunset, when the mate was giving directions about the watch, one of the seamen cried out, "Thanked be God, there they are." And the other ran up to him, saying, "Where, where!" He pointed to a flock of Mother Carey's chickens that had just appeared astern, and began to count how many there were of them. I enquired what was the matter, and the mate replied, "Why, only that we've seen the worst, that's all, master. I've a notion we'll fall in with a sail before twenty hours are past." "Have you any particular reason for thinking so?" said I. "To be sure I have," returned he; "are n't them there birds the spirits of those brave fellows we threw overboard last night? I knew we never would be able to quit this place till they made their appearance above water. However, I'm not quite sure how it may go with us yet," continued he, looking anxiously astern; "they stay rather long about our ship."—"I have always understood," said I, "that these birds indicate bad weather, or some unfortunate event, and this appears to me to be true." "Ay, ay," replied he, "they say experience teaches fools, and I have found it so; there was a time when I did not believe that these creatures were any thing but common birds, but now I know another story.—Oh I've witnessed such strange things!—Is n't it reasonable to suppose, that these little creatures, having once been such as we are, should feel a sort of friendliness towards a ship's crew, and wish to give warning when bad weather or bad fortune is ahead, that every man may be prepared for the worst?" "Do you conceive," said I, "that any people but seamen are ever changed into the birds we have been talking of?"—"No, for certain not," answered the mate; "and none but the sailors that are drowned, or thrown overboard after death. While in the form of Carey's chickens, they undergo a sort of purgatory, and are punished for their sins. They fly about the wide ocean, far out of sight of land, and never find a place whereon they can rest the soles of their feet, till it pleases the Lord Almighty to release them from their bondage and take them to himself."

Next morning I was awakened by the joyful intelligence that a schooner was in sight, and that she had hoisted her flag in answer to our signals. She bore down upon us with a good wind, and in about an hour hove to, and spoke us. When we had informed them of our unhappy situation, the captain ordered the boat to be lowered, and came on board of our vessel, with three of his crew.—He was a thick, short, dark complexioned man, and his language and accent discovered him to be a native of the southern States of America. The mate immediately proceeded to detail minutely all that happened to us, but our visitor paid very little attention to the narrative, and soon interrupted it, by asking of what our cargo consisted. Having been satisfied on this point, he said, "Seeing as how things stand, I conclude you'll be keen for getting into some port." "Yes, that of course is our earnest wish," replied the mate, "and we hope to be able by your assistance to accomplish it."—"Ay, we must all assist one another," returned the captain—"Well, I was just calculating, that your plan would be to run into New Providence—I'm bound for St. Thomas's, and you ca n't expect that I should turn about, and go right back with you—neither that I should let you have any of my seamen, for I'll not be able to make a good trade unless I get *slick* into port.—Now I have three niger slaves on board of me,—curse them, they do n't know much about sea-matters, and are as lazy as hell, but keep flogging them, *mister*,—keep flogging them, I say,—by which means, you will make them serve your ends. Well, as I was saying, I will let you have them blacks to help you, if you'll buy them of me at a fair price, and pay it down in hard cash."—"This proposal," said the mate, "sounds strange enough to a British seaman;—and how much do you ask for your slaves?"—"I can't let them go under 300 dollars each," replied the captain; "I guess they would fetch more in St. Thomas's, for they're prime I swear."—"Why, there is n't that sum of money on board this vessel, that I know of," answered the mate; "and though I could pay it myself, I'm sure the owners never would agree to indemnify me. I thought you would have afforded us every assistance without asking any thing in return—a British sailor would have done so at least."—"Well, I vow you are a strange man," said the captain. "Isn't fair that I should get something for my nigers, and for the chance I'll run of spoiling my trade at St. Thomas's, by making myself short of men? But we shan't split about a small matter, and I'll lessen the price by twenty dollars a head." "It is out of the question, sir," cried the mate, "I have no money."—"Oh there's no harm done," returned the captain, "we ca'n't trade, that's all. Get ready the boat, boys—I guess your men will soon get smart again, and then, if the weather holds moderate, you'll reach port with the greatest ease."—"You surely do not mean to leave us in this barbarous way?" cried I; "the owners of this vessel would, I am confident, pay any sum rather than that we should perish through your inhumanity."—"Well, mister, I've got owners too," replied he, "and my business is to make a good voyage for them. Markets are pretty changeable just now, and it won't do to spend time talking about humanity—money's the word with me."

Having said this, he leaped into the boat, and ordered his men to row towards his own vessel. When they got on board, they squared their topsail, and bore away, and were soon out of the reach of our voices. We looked at one another for a little time with an expression of quiet despair, and then the seamen began to pour forth a torrent of invectives, and abuse, against the [illegible] and avaricious shipmaster who had inhumanly deserted us. Major L—— and his wife, being in the cabin below, heard all that passed. When the captain first came on board, they were filled with rapture, thinking that we would certainly be delivered from the perils and difficulties that environed us; but as the conversation proceeded, their hopes gradually diminished, and the conclusion of it made Mrs. L—— give way to a flood of tears, in which I found her indulging when I went below.

The mate now endeavored to encourage the seamen to exertion. They cleared away the wreck of the fore-topmast, which had hitherto encumbered the deck, and put up a sort of jury-mast in its stead, on which they rigged two sails. When these things were accomplished, we got up our moorings, and laid our course for New Providence. The mate had fortunately been upon the Bahama seas before, and was aware of the difficulties he would have to encounter in navigating them. The weather continued moderate, and after two days of agitating suspense, we made Exuma Island, and cast anchor near its shore.

The arrival of our vessel, and all the circumstances connected with this event, were soon made known upon the island; and a gentleman, who resided on his plantation, sent to request our company at his house. We gladly accepted his hospitable offers, and immediately went ashore.

Those only, who have been at sea, can conceive the delight which the appearance of trees and verdurous fields—the odour of fruits and flowers—and the sensations of security and freedom that arise from treading on the earth, produce in the mind, at the termination of a long voyage. Every step we took, seemed to infuse additional vigor into our limbs. Our host met us at the door of his mansion, and immediately introduced us to his wife and family, and likewise to several persons who were visitors at the time. We were ushered into an airy hall; the window-curtains of which had just been sprinkled with water and the juice of limes. The odor of the fruit, and the coolness produced by the evaporation of the fluid, exerted a most tranquillizing influence upon the mind, and made the distressing scenes I had recently witnessed pass from my remembrance like a dream.—We were soon conducted into another apartment, where an elegant banquet, and a tasteful variety of the most exquisite wines, awaited us. Here we continued till evening, and then returned to the hall. From its windows we beheld the setting sun, curtained by volumes of gloriously colored clouds, and shedding a dazzling radiance upon the sea, which stretched in stillness to the horizon. Our vessel lay at a little distance; and when a small wave happened to break upon her side, she seemed, for a moment, to be encircled with gems. The dews had just begun to fall, and that overpowering stillness, which, in tropical climates, pervades all nature at such a time, was undisturbed by the slightest murmur of any kind. The two young ladies sat down to a harp and a piano, and a gentleman accompanied them upon the flute. The harmony was perfected by the rich gushing voice of one of the females of our party; and the flushed cheeks, and trembling eyelids of the charming Bahamians, showed that the music affected their hearts, as much as it delighted their ears.

When the night was advanced, we retired to sleep—lulled by the pleasing consciousness of being secure from those misfortunes and dangers, to the invasions of which we had of late been so cruelly exposed.—*Magnet.*

CONTEMPORARY POETRY.

We had never happened to see either of Keats's volumes till very lately—and have been exceedingly struck with the genius they display, and the spirit of poetry which breathes through all their extravagance. The imitation of our elder writers, and especially of our elder dramatists, has brought on, as it were, a second spring in our poetry;—and few of its blossoms are either more profuse of sweetness or richer in promise, than this which is now before us. Mr. Keats's whole works, are full of extravagance and irregularity, rash attempts at originality, interminable wanderings, and excessive obscurity. They manifestly require, therefore, much indulgence;—but we think it no less plain that they deserve it; for they are flushed all over with the rich lights of fancy, and so coloured and bestrewn with the flowers of poetry, that even while perplexed and bewildered in their labyrinths, it is impossible to resist the intoxication of their sweetness, or to shut our hearts to the enchantments they so lavishly present. The models upon which he has formed himself, in the Endymion, the earliest of his poems, are obviously the Faithful Shepherdess of Fletcher, and the Sad Shepherd of Ben Jonson;—the exquisite metres and inspired diction of which he has copied with great boldness and fidelity—and like his great originals,

has also contrived to impart to the whole piece that true rural and poetical air which breathes only in them and in Theocritus—which is at once homely and majestic, luxurious and rude, and sets before us the genuine sights and sounds and smells of the country, with all the magic and grace of Elysium. His subject has the disadvantage of being mythological, and in this respect, as well as on account of the mixed and rapturous tone it consequently assumes, his poetry may be better compared perhaps to the Comus and the Arcades of Milton, of which, also, there are many traces of imitation. The great distinction, however, between him and those divine authors, is, that imagination in them is subordinate to reason and judgment, while, with him, it is paramount and supreme—that their ornaments and images are employed to embellish and recommend just sentiments, engaging incidents, and natural characters, while his are poured out without measure or restraint, and with no apparent design but to unburden the breast of the author, and give vent to the overflowing vein of his fancy. The thin and scanty tissue of his story is merely the light frame work on which his florid wreaths are suspended; and while his imaginations go rambling and entangling themselves every where, like wild honeysuckles, all idea of sober reason, and plan, and consistency, is utterly forgotten, and are "strangled in their waste fertility." A great part of the work indeed, is written in the strangest and most fantastical manner that can be imagined. It seems as if the author had ventured every thing that occurred to him in the shape of a glittering image or striking expression—taken the first word that presented itself to make up a rhyme, and then made that word the germ of a new cluster of images—a hint for a new excursion of the fancy—and so wandered on, equally forgetful whence he came, and heedless whither he was going, till he had covered his pages with an interminable arabesque of connected and incongruous figures, that multiplied as they extended, and were only harmonized by the brightness of their tints, and the graces of their forms. There is no work, accordingly, from which a malicious critic could cull more matter for ridicule, or select more obscure, unnatural, or absurd passages. But we do not take *that* to be our office;—and just beg leave, on the contrary, to say, that any one who, on this account, would represent the whole poem as despicable, must either have no notion of poetry, or no regard to truth.

It is, indeed, at least as full of genius as of absurdity; and he who does not find a great deal in it to admire and to give delight, cannot in his heart see much beauty in the two exquisite dramas to which we have alluded, or find any great pleasure in some of the finest creations of Milton and Shakspeare. There are very many such persons, we verily believe, even among the reading and judicious part of the community—correct scholars we have no doubt many of them, and, it may be, very classical composers in prose and in verse—but utterly ignorant of the true genius of English poetry, and incapable of estimating its appropriate and most exquisite beauties. With that spirit we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. K. is deeply imbued—and of those beauties he has presented us with many striking examples.—We are very much inclined indeed to add, that we do not know any book which we would sooner employ as a test to ascertain whether any one had in him a native relish for poetry, and a genuine sensibility to its intrinsic charm. The greater and more distinguished poets of our country have so much else in them to gratify other tastes and propensities, that they are pretty sure to captivate and amuse those to whom their poetry is but a hindrance and obstruction, as well as those to whom it constitutes their chief attraction. The interest of the stories they tell—the vivacity of the characters they delineate—the weight and force of the maxims and sentiments in which they abound—the very pathos and wit and humor they display, which may all and each of them exist apart from their poetry and independent of it, are quite sufficient to account for their popularity, without referring much to that still higher gift, by which they subdue to their enchantments those whose souls are attuned to the finer impulses of poetry. It is only where those other recommendations are wanting, or exist in a weaker degree, that the true force of the attraction, exercised by the pure poetry with which they are so often combined, can be fairly appreciated—where, without much incident or many characters, and with little wit, wisdom, or arrangement, a number of bright pictures are presented to the imagination, and a fine feeling expressed of those mysterious relations by which visible external things are assimilated with inward thoughts and emotions, and become the images and exponents of all passions and affections. To an unpoetical reader such passages always appear mere raving and absurdity—and to this censure a very great part of the volume before us will certainly be exposed, with this class of readers. There is something very curious, we think, in the way in which Mr. K. and Barry Cornwall also, have dealt with the Pagan mythology, of which they have made so much use in their poetry. Instead of presenting its imaginary persons under the trite and vulgar traits that belong to them in the ordinary systems, little more is borrowed from these than the general conception of their conditions and relations; and an original character and distinct individuality is bestowed upon them, which has all the merit of invention, and all the grace and attraction of the fictions on which it is engrafted. The ancients, though they probably did not stand in any great awe of their deities, have yet abstained very much from any minute or dramatic representation of their feelings and affections. In Hesiod and Homer, they are coarsely delineated by some of their actions and adventures, and introduced to us merely as the agents in those particular transactions; while in the Hymns, from those ascribed to Orpheus and Homer, down to those of Callimachus we have little but pompous epithets and invocations, with a flattering commemoration of their most famous exploits—and are never allowed to enter into their bosoms, or follow out the train of their feelings, with the presumption of our human sympathy. Except the love-song of the Cyclops to his Sea Nymph in Theocritus—the Lamentation of Venus for Adonis in Moschus—and the more recent Legend of Apuleius, we scarcely recollect a passage in all the writings of antiquity in which the passions of an immortal are fairly disclosed to the scrutiny and observation of men. The author before us, however, and some of his contemporaries, have dealt differently with the subject;—and sheltering the violence of the fiction under the ancient traditionary fable, have created and imagined an entire new set of characters, and brought closely and minutely before us the loves and sorrows and perplexities of beings, with whose names and supernatural attributes we had long been familiar, without any sense or feeling of their personal character. But we must now proceed to our extracts.

The first of the volumes before us is occupied with the loves of Endymion and Diana—which it would not be very easy, and which we do not at all intend to analyse in detail. In the beginning of the poem, however, the Shepherd Prince is represented as having had strange visions and delirious interviews with an unknown and celestial beauty; soon after which, he is called on to preside at a festival in honor of Pan; and his appearance in the procession is thus described.

> His youth was fully blown,
> Showing like Ganymede to manhood grown;
> And, for those simple times, his garments were
> A chieftain king's: beneath his breast, half bare,
> Was hung a silver bugle, and between
> His nervy knees there lay a boar-spear keen.
> A smile was on his countenance; he seem'd,
> To common lookers on, like one who dream'd
> Of idleness in groves Elysian:
> But there were some who feelingly could scan
> A lurking trouble in his nether lip,
> And see that oftentimes the reins would slip
> Through his forgotten hands.

There is then a choral hymn addressed to the sylvan deity, which appears to us to be full of beauty; and reminds us, in many places, of the finest strains of Sicilian or English poetry. A part of it is as follows.

> O thou, whose mighty palace roof doth hang
> From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
> Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death
> Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness;
> Who lov'st to see the hamadryads dress
> Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken;
> And through whole solemn hours dost sit, and hearken
> The dreary melody of bedded reeds—
> In desolate places, where dank moisture breeds
> The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth.——
>
> O thou, for whose soul-soothing quiet, turtles
> Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles,
> What time thou wanderest at eventide
> Through sunny meadows, that outskirt the side
> Of thine enmossed realms: O thou, to whom
> Broad leaved fig trees even now foredoom
> Their ripen'd fruitage; yellow girted bees
> Their golden honeycombs; our village leas
> Their fairest blossom'd beans and poppied corn;
> The chuckling linnet its five young unborn,
> To sing for thee; low creeping strawberries
> Their summer coolness; pent up butterflies
> Their freckled wings; yea, the fresh budding year
> All its completions—be quickly near,
> By every wind that nods the mountain pine,
> O forester divine!
>
> Thou, to whom every fawn and satyr flies
> For willing service; whether to surprise
> The squatted hare while in half sleeping fit;
> Or upward ragged precipices flit
> To save poor lambkins from the eagle's maw;
> Or by mysterious enticement draw
> Bewildered shepherds to their path again;
> Or to tread breathless round the frothy main,
> And gather up all fancifullest shells
> For thee to tumble into Naiads' cells,
> And, being hidden, laugh at their out-peeping;
> Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,
> The while they pelt each other on the crown
> With silvery oak apples, and fir cones brown—
> By all the echoes that about thee ring
> Hear us, O satyr king!
>
> O hearkener to the loud clapping shears,
> While ever and anon to his shorn peers
> A ram goes bleating: Winder of the horn,
> When snouted wild-boars routing tender corn
> Anger our huntsmen: Breather round our farms,
> To keep off mildews, and all weather harms:
> Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds,
> That come a swooning over hollow grounds,
> And wither drearily on barren moors.

The enamored youth sinks into insensibility in the midst of the solemnity, and is borne apart and revived by the care of his sister.

He then tells her all the story of her love and madness; and is afterwards led away by butterflies to the haunts of Naiads, and by them sent down into enchanted caverns, where he sees Venus and Adonis, and great flights of Cupids, and wanders over diamond terraces among beautiful fountains and temples and statues, and all sorts of fine and strange things. This is very fantastical: But there are splendid pieces of description, and a store of wild richness on the whole. We cull a few little morsels. This is the picture of the sleeping Adonis.

> In midst of all, there lay a sleeping youth
> Of fondest beauty. Sideway his face repos'd
> On one white arm, and tenderly unclos'd,
> By tenderest pressure, a faint damask mouth
> To slumbery pout; just as the morning south
> Disparts a dew-lipp'd rose. Above his head,
> Four lily stalks did their white honours wed
> To make a coronal; and round him grew
> All tendrils green, of every bloom and hue,
> Together intertwin'd and trammel'd fresh:
> The vine of glossy sprout; the ivy mesh,
> Shading its Ethiop berries; and woodbine,
> Of velvet leaves and bugle-blooms divine.
> Hard by,
> Stood serene Cupids watching silently.
> One, kneeling to a lyre, touch'd the strings,
> Muffling to death the pathos with his wings;
> And, ever and anon, uprose to look
> At the youth's slumber; while another took
> A willow bough, distilling odorous dew,
> And shook it on his hair; another flew
> In through the woven roof, and fluttering-wise
> Rain'd violets upon his sleeping eyes.

There is another and more classical sketch of Cybele.

> Forth from a rugged arch, in the dusk below,
> Came mother Cybele! alone—alone—
> In sombre chariot; dark foldings thrown
> About her majesty, and front death pale,
> With turrets crown'd. Four maned lions hale
> The sluggish wheels; solemn their toothed maws,
> Their surly eyes brow-hidden, heavy paws
> Uplifted drowsily, and nervy tails,—
> Cowering their tawny brushes. Silent sails
> This shadowy queen athwart.

In the midst of all these spectacles, he has a ravishing interview with his unknown goddess; and, when she melts away from him, he finds himself in a vast grotto, where he overhears the courtship of Alpheus and Arethusa, and, as they elope together, discovers that the grotto has disappeared, and that he is at the bottom of the sea, under the transparent arches of its naked waters.

There he finds ancient Glaucus enchanted by Circe—hears his wild story—and goes with him to the deliverance and restoration of thousands of drowned lovers, whose bodies were piled and stowed away in a large submarine palace. When this feat is happily performed, he finds himself again on dry ground, with woods and waters around him; and cannot help falling desperately in love with a beautiful damsel whom he finds there pining for some such consolations, and who tells a long story of her having come from India in the train of Bacchus, and having strayed away from him into that forest:—so they vow eternal fidelity, and are wafted up to heaven on flying horses, on which they sleep and dream among the stars;—and then the lady melts away, and he is again alone upon the earth; but soon rejoins his Indian love, and agrees to give up his goddess, and live only for her: But she refuses, and says she is resolved to devote herself to Diana; and when she goes to dedicate herself, she turns out to be the goddess in a new shape, and exalts her lover with her to a blest immortality.

We must close our extracts with the following lively lines to Fancy.

> Ever let the Fancy roam,
> Pleasure never is at home:
> At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
> Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
> Then let winged Fancy wander
> Through the thought still spread beyond her;
> Open wide the mind's cage-door,
> She 'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
> O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
> Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
> And the enjoying of the spring
> Fades as does its blossoming;
> Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,
> Blushing through the mist and dew,
> Cloys with tasting: what do then?
> Sit thee by the ingle, when
> The sear faggot blazes bright,
> Spirit of a winter's night;
> When the soundless earth is muffled,
> And the caked snow is shuffled
> From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;
> When the Night doth meet the Noon
> In a dark conspiracy
> To banish Even from her sky.
> Sit thee there, and send abroad,
> With a mind self-overaw'd,
> Fancy, high-commission'd:—send her!
> She has vassals to attend her:
> She will bring, in spite of frost,
> Beauties that the earth hath lost;
> She will bring thee, all together,
> All delight of summer weather;
> All the buds and bells of May,
> From dewy sward or thorny spray;
> All the heaped Autumn's wealth,
> With a still, mysterious stealth:
> She will mix these pleasures up
> Like three fit wines in a cup,
> And thou shalt quaff it:—thou shalt hear
> Distant harvest-carols clear;
> Rustle of the reaped corn;
> Sweet birds antheming the morn:
> And, in the same moment—hark!
> 'Tis the early April lark,
> Or the rooks, with busy caw,
> Foraging for sticks and straw.
> Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
> The daisy and the marigold;
> White-plum'd lilies, and the first
> Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;
> Shaded hyacinth, alway
> Sapphire queen of the mid-May;
> And every leaf, and every flower
> Pearled with the self-same shower.
> Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
> Meagre from its celled sleep;
> And the snake all winter-thin
> Cast on sunny bank its skin;
> Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
> Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
> When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
> Quiet on her mossy nest;
> Then the hurry and alarm
> When the bee-hive casts its swarm;
> Acorns ripe down-pattering,
> While the autumn breezes sing.
>
> Oh, sweet Fancy! let her loose;
> Every thing is spoilt by use:
> Where's the cheek that doth not fade,
> Too much gaz'd at? where 's the maid
> Whose lip mature is ever new?
> Where 's the eye, however blue,
> Doth not weary? where 's the face
> One would meet in every place?
> Where 's the voice, however soft,
> One would hear so very oft?
> At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
> Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
> Let, then, winged Fancy find
> Thee a mistress to thy mind:
> Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,
> Ere the God of Torment taught her
> How to frown and how to chide;
> With a waist and with a side
> White as Hebe's, when her zone
> Slipt its golden clasp, and down
> Fell her kirtle to her feet,
> While she held the goblet sweet,
> And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh
> Of the Fancy's silken leash;
> Quickly break her prison-string
> And such joys as these she 'll bring.—
> Let the winged Fancy roam,
> Pleasure never is at home.

NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

Widow. Will you stay, gentlemen?
A piece of beef and a cold capon, that 's all.
You know you're welcome.—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 16, 1829.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Yankee. The Yankee for the present month, has a greater variety of material than any of its predecessors. The articles are written in a style of familiarity and ease calculated to gratify the taste of general readers, and the subjects handled, are those in which most of us feel some degree of interest. One of the best papers in the number is an article upon the drama, in which there are some admirable comments upon the clumsy and unnatural expedients adopted on the stage, in the introduction of ghosts walking up and down in new and creaking cow-hide boots; soliloquies, which the person supposed to utter them, ought rather to cut his own throat than breathe aloud; letters, run over in a clear voice, at a moment when the slightest portion of their contents disclosed, might be death to the reader,—and confidants, who are entrusted with matters that it shocks us to think should ever pass the lips of him or her who reveals them. We should copy these remarks had we room for them; but we can this day, make place for no other extract from the Magazine, than the following beautiful lines, by J. G. Whittier.

JUDITH AT THE TENT OF HOLOFERNES.

> Night was down among the mountains,
> In her dim and quiet manner,
> Where Bethulia's silver fountains
> Gushed beneath the Assyrian banner.
> Moonlight, o'er her meek dominion,
> As a mighty flag unfurled,
> Like an angel's snowy pinion
> Resting on a darkened world!
>
> Faintly rose the city's murmur,
> But the crowded camp was calm;
> Girded in their battle-armour,
> Each a falchion on his arm,
> Kingly chief and weary vassal
> In the arms of slumber fell;
> It had been a day of wassail,
> And the wine had circled well.
>
> Underneath his proud pavilion
> Lay Assyria's champion,
> Where the ruby's rich vermillion
> Shone beside the beryl-stone.
> With imperial purple laden,
> Breathing in the perfumed air,
> Dreams he of the Jewish maiden,
> With her dark and jewelled hair.
>
> Who is she—the pale-browed stranger,
> Bending o'er that son of slaughter?
> God be with thee in thy danger,
> Israel's lone and peerless daughter!
> She hath bared her queenly beauty
> To the dark Assyrian's glance;
> Now, a high and sterner duty
> Bids her to his couch advance.
>
> Beautiful and pale she bendeth
> In her earnest prayer to Heaven—
> Look again—that maiden standeth
> In the strength her God hath given!
> Strangely is her dark eye kindled,
> Hot blood through her cheek is poured,—
> Lo—her every fear hath dwindled—
> And her hand is on the sword!
>
> Upward to the flashing curtain,
> See, that mighty blade is driven—
> And its fall!—'t is swift and certain
> As the cloud-fire's track in heaven!
> Down, as with a power supernal,
> Twice the lifted weapon fell—
> Twice—his slumber is eternal—
> Who shall wake the infidel?
>
> Sunlight on the mountains streameth
> Like an air-borne wave of gold;
> And Bethulia's armor gleameth
> Round Judea's banner-fold.
> Down they come—the mailed warriors,
> As the upper torrents sally
> Headlong from their mountain-barriers
> Down upon the sleeping valley.
>
> Rouse thee from thy couch, Assyrian!
> Dream no more of woman's smile—
> Fiercer than the leaguered Tyrian,
> Or the dark-browed sons of Nile,
> Foes are on thy slumber breaking—
> Chieftain, to thy battle rise!
> Vain the call—he will not waken—
> Headless on his couch he lies.
>
> Who hath dimmed your boasted glory?
> What hath woman's weakness done?
> Whose dark brow is up before ye,
> Blackening in the fierce-haired sun?
> Lo! an eye that never slumbers
> Looketh in its vengeance down;
> And the thronged and mailed numbers
> Wither at Jehovah's frown!

A Poem delivered before the Porter Rhetorical Society in the Theological Seminary at Andover, Sept. 22, 1829, by Richard H. Dana.—No person of true judgment can read either the poetical or prose writings of Mr. Dana without the conviction that he is one whose mental powers entitle him to stand in a very high rank among the writers of the day. As a poet we have held him to be excelled by none of our countrymen, and we are gratified to see this opinion gaining ground; slowly indeed, for he has not been popular, in the manner of the inditers of newspaper rhymes, or the fiddle-faddle of the souvenirs,—but steadily and securely. He has been comparatively disregarded, but he need not fear; there are sterling qualities in his poetry which will not suffer it to perish or lie hidden, and if he can content himself to wait till his hour cometh, we undertake to insure him a meed of honor and popularity at last, which shall compensate for the temporary neglect which has hitherto kept him from the enjoyment of his just reputation.

The poem before us is entitled "Thoughts on the Soul," and has for its object to illustrate the power of the human mind to make a world to itself, or of so imparting its own temper and character to all outward objects that the sensation of pleasure or misery, the perception of beauty or deformity, is the result rather of the state of man's intellectual conformation than of qualities inherent in the objects themselves. The poem is marked by those peculiar excellencies which distinguish the rest of Mr. Dana's verses, a chaste and severe compactness of style, pregnancy of thought, and a total absence of glittering, superficial ornament. Such poetry is written to endure.

We have made the following extract. This age of prolific rhyming has produced little, very little, to compare in genuine poetical feeling and purity of style with the productions of Mr. Dana.

> Ocean and land, the living clouds that run
> Above, or stand before the setting sun,
> Taking and giving glory in his light,
> Live in a change too subtile for thy sight.
> The lot of human kind 's more varied still
> By conscious acts of sense, and mind, and will.
> Yet could'st thou count up all material things,
> All outward difference each condition brings,
> Perhaps thou'd'st say, "Good Sir, lo, here, the whole!"
> —The whole?—One thing thou hast forgot—the Soul!
>
> —Life in itself, it life to all things gives;
> For whatsoe'er it looks on, that thing lives—
> Becomes an acting being, ill or good;
> And, grateful to its giver, renders food
> For the Soul's health, or, suffering change unblest,
> Pours poison down to rankle in the breast:
> As is the man, e'en so it bears its part,
> And answers, thought to thought, and heart to heart.
>
> Yes, man reduplicates himself. You see,
> In yonder lake, reflected rock and tree.
> Each leaf at rest, or quivering in the air,
> Now rests, now stirs as if a breeze were there
> Sweeping the crystal depths. How perfect all!
> And see those slender top-boughs rise and fall;
> The double strips of silvery sand unite
> Above, below, each grain distinct and bright.
> —Thou bird, that seek'st thy food upon that bough,
> Peck not alone; that bird below, as thou,
> Is busy after food, and happy, too.
> —They 're gone! Both, pleased, away together flew.
>
> And see we thus sent up, rock, sand, and wood,
> Life, joy, and motion from the sleepy flood?
> The world, O man, is like that flood to thee:
> Turn where thou wilt, thyself in all things see
> Reflected back. As drives the blinding sand
> Round Egypt's piles, where'er thou tak'st thy stand,
> If that thy heart be barren, there will sweep
> The drifting waste, like waves along the deep,
> Fill up the vale, and choke the laughing streams
> That ran by grass and brake, with dancing beams,
> Sear the fresh woods, and from thy heavy eye
> Veil the wide-shifting glories of the sky,
> And one, still, sightless level make the earth,
> Like thy dull, lonely, joyless Soul,—a dearth.
>
> The rill is tuneless to his ear who feels
> No harmony within; the south wind steals
> As silent as unseen amongst the leaves.
> Who has no inward beauty, none perceives,
> Though all around is beautiful. Nay, [illegible]
> In nature's calmest hour he hears the [illegible]
> Of winds and flinging waves—puts out [illegible]
> When high and angry passions meet in [illegible]
> And, his own spirit into tumult hurled,
> He makes a turmoil of a quiet world;
> The fiends of his own bosom people [illegible]
> With kindred fiends, that hunt him to [illegible]
> Hears he his fellow-man? Why, [illegible]
> 'T is hate for hate:—as he, so each [illegible]
>
> Soul! fearful is thy power, which [illegible]
> All things into its likeness; heaven [illegible]
> The strong, proud sun, or lays it [illegible]
> Like the hushed infant on its mother's [illegible]
> Which gives each outward circumstance [illegible]
> And shapes all others' acts and [illegible]
> That, as, they joy, or love, or hate, [illegible]
> As joy, love, hate, holds rule within [illegible]
>
> Creature all grandeur, son of truth [illegible]
> Up from the dust! the last, great day [illegible]
> Bright on the Holy Mountain, round [illegible]
> Bright where in borrowed light the [illegible]
> Look down! the depths are bright! [illegible]
> "Light! light!"—Look up! 't is [illegible]
> Regions on regions—far away they [illegible]
> 'T is light ineffable, 't is light divine! [illegible]
> "Immortal light, and life forevermore [illegible]
> Off through the deeps is heard from [illegible]
> Of rolling worlds!—Man, wake thee [illegible]
> Wake thee from death—awake [illegible]

The Dramatic Mirror. This [illegible] little *daily* paper, published [illegible] by J. H. Eastburn, containing [illegible] on the dramatic representations [illegible] Theatre, in this city, and [illegible] of the play for every evening. [illegible] which this diminutive, but spirited [illegible] ert in theatrical matters, must dep[illegible] the discretion of its editors, [illegible] tempers while they are reviewing [illegible] demerits of an actor's perform[illegible] their discrimination and candor [illegible] ty to their opinions.

The anonymous editors appear [illegible] of the essential requisites of [illegible] they occasionally sport [illegible] vidual feeling, and are not [illegible] from the very errors which they [illegible] others with marvellous energy. [illegible] commend them to be more chary [illegible] they employ, and more lenient [illegible] who are striving hard to win the [illegible] lic, in a profession that at best is [illegible] ous.

BOSTON [illegible]

Religiosus. This is a gift that I have [illegible] extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, [illegible] apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are [illegible] memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater, [illegible] mellowing of occasion: But the gift is good [illegible] acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nathaniel. Sir, I praise the Lord for [illegible] parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by [illegible] profit very greatly under you: You are a [illegible] commonwealth.—*Shakspeare.*

CROSS PURPOSES:

A DRAMATIC [illegible]

SCENE I.

Dapperdangle and Miss [illegible]

Miss P. Now Mr. Dapperdangle, [illegible] you sure it is true? Well really, [illegible] gular match.——

Dap. True, Miss Pendilly! why [illegible] it; I had it direct from Mrs. Babble[illegible] of it as an indisputable fact by Miss [illegible] cousin, who had it from good authority [illegible]

Miss P. Well I declare——[illegible] dangle.

Dap. Excuse me, I have [illegible] morning. There is Mrs. W[illegible] Backreader will never forgive me [illegible] first intelligence of the [illegible] aunt Evergreen; she looks [illegible]

Miss P. Oh my aunt! you can't [illegible] the sight of a young man [illegible] What do you think can be the [illegible]

Dap. That is a knotty question, [illegible] old maid. Excuse me Miss P[illegible]

Miss P. (*Sola.*) If all the [illegible] your stamp, sweet Mr. Dap, I [illegible] ed to solve the mystery of my [illegible] cal propensities. You strut up [illegible] Street, talk fiddle-faddle to us girls, [illegible] yourself quite *the thing*.—Why you [illegible] a tailor, and there is not solid [illegible] make a tailor's apprentice out of [illegible] eighteenth part of a man. You [illegible] broadcloth and buckram, and your [illegible] Hearts for not being an utter [illegible] way; my precious aunt cannot [illegible] frivolities of youth.

[*Enter Miss* [illegible]

Miss E. How now, Lucy, who [illegible] you were flirting with just now?

Miss P. It was no young fellow [illegible] flirting.

Miss E. What does the girl [illegible] just now chattering and laughing [illegible] pany with some young fellow or [illegible] deacon or old gentleman?

Miss P. It was nothing more than [illegible] ped in just now and flattered away [illegible] sing about for a few minutes.

Miss E. An insect!

Miss P. Yes, an insect; it [illegible] streets of Boston of a sunshiny day, [illegible] houses. It is sometimes caught [illegible] down by way of amusement. [illegible] but pink-spotted muslin give it [illegible]

Miss E. Pshaw! Lucy, what [illegible] And what did the silly fellow say [illegible]

Miss P. Nothing at all. He [illegible] never was silent.

Miss E. I believe you have all the [illegible] in the city dangling after you.

Miss P. There's not a soul [illegible] quickly discovered by you. [illegible] are addlepated or not is neither [illegible] visits are few and far between. [illegible] keep me shut up as if the plague [illegible]

Miss E. That is for your own [illegible] under my especial guardianship, [illegible] particular duty to keep you away [illegible]

Miss P. Now pray what harm [illegible] them to be, considering this [illegible]

Miss E. Oh they are all [illegible]

Miss P. In love, I suppose [illegible]

Miss E. Yes.

Miss P. Do you take that opinion [illegible] you proved the truth of it yourself?

Miss E. Don't pester me with such foolish questions, but mind, I say, there is not a man of them that is to be trusted. I have forsworn their society.

Miss P. I hope not—(Aside.)—but perjury comes after perjury. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Whist Party. Brick, Bubbles, Miss Tattleaby and Mrs. Whitehead, at cards. Others ditto.

Brick. That was naturally enough to be expected: he was a foolish fellow, and would have his own way, whereby he ruined himself. A wilful man will have his own way, as the proverb says.

Miss T. And his poor wife died of a broken heart.—What trumps?

Brick. Clubs.—It is melancholy to see one knocked down in such a manner.

Mrs. W. It is feared his whole family will sink into their graves.—Have spades been round?

Brick. Yes, the first round was trumped.—I always said Mr. K. affairs would be dashed in the very outset, but he would never take my counsel—the odd trick is ours.

Brick. I lost that by finessing the Queen—but is his wife really dead?

Miss T. Died yesterday—how do we score?

Brick. Two by card, and——two by card.——

Miss T. Where is Miss Pendilly, not to be here this evening?

Mrs. W. Kept at home by her shrewd suspicious aunt, who had as lieve hear it thunder as any one speak of taking her niece abroad.

Brick. A pitiless old she-dragon, she has the fingering of all the young lady's money, and cannot endure the thoughts of her marrying, because the cash would then go out of her hands. In the meantime Miss Pendilly is wasting her sweetness on the desert air, and all meddlesome young fellows are kept at a safe distance.

Miss T. Really that is too much to be borne,—hearts foul.

Mrs. W. It is quite shocking indeed. Ah, the game is over; there's the rubber. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Brick, solus.

Madam is a dragon in my way. The aunt keeps her [illegible] like a spell of necromancy. The only way [illegible] is to secure the guardian, after which the [illegible] is to be managed easily enough. They tell me the old [illegible] is all vain, and accessible to flattery. I'll e'en [illegible] my advances through her. She can't but be good-[illegible] toward me, if I praise her beauty. Why—Queen Elizabeth was fool enough to be bamboozled with stories about her beauty at sixty years of age.

SCENE IV.

Miss Evergreen and Miss Pendilly.

Miss E. Don't laugh child, I tell you there is a great deal in dreams. My great grand mother,—rest her soul,—always kept an exact journal of all she ever dreamt, and she assured me that sooner or later something or other [illegible] which brought them all to pass in the person of herself or somebody else. I remember one of them; she [illegible] dreamed of seeing an owl fly away with [illegible], and the very next week Parson [illegible] was married to Widow Whitfort, which everybody allowed to be a clear coming-to-pass of the dream.

Miss P. That was wonderful truly, and showed a most [illegible] skill in the interpreters thereof. But how do you [illegible] to explain your own.

Miss E. I am strangely puzzled to interpret it.

Miss P. 'Tis a strange dream, surely.

Miss E. Very strange indeed to dream of a marriage, and then this morning by mistake I got my stays on the wrong end upwards, something surely is about to happen [illegible]. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Brick and Miss Evergreen.

Miss E. You flatter me Mr. Brick, indeed you do,—it [illegible] long since I was formerly to be complimented on my good looks.—(Languishing.)

Brick. Really ma'am you have too much good sense to [illegible] deceived; you cannot doubt that I am sincere.

Miss E. (Aside.) My dream is surely coming to pass; I have always thought he was partial to me. (Aloud.) Sir, [illegible] say that I understand your purpose.——

Brick. Indeed! then you have saved me a world of [illegible] explanation, for really Miss Evergreen, you [illegible] how immensely awkward one must feel in attempting to broach such a delicate matter, I do confess [illegible]——

Miss E. Sir, you are very frank, and I cannot but commend you for it.——

Brick. Do you then regard my intentions with favor; [illegible] for so much good will from you?

Miss E. Really, Mr. Brick, I must reply, though I say [illegible] it, I cannot refuse any thing to one [illegible]—(Languishes.)

Brick. You overpower me with your goodness madam. [illegible] look upon myself as the happiest of men. The [illegible] approve of my choice.

Miss E. (Aside.) How complimentary! (Aloud.) Don't [illegible] me Mr. Brick, indeed you quite put me to the blush.

Brick. Nay, madam, you must allow me to express my [illegible]; the young lady is certainly a paragon.

Miss E. Sir!

Brick. I forgot to apprise you that I have disclosed the [illegible] to her, you will pardon——

Miss E. O, ah, I understand you, my niece is indeed a [illegible] of discretion, you could not have selected a fitter [illegible]. Indeed, I think she could not but be pleased [illegible] choice you have made.

Brick. O, she as much as confessed the attachment [illegible] ago; we only waited for your consent; that [illegible] very essential you know.——

Miss E. Very essential indeed.—(Laughing.) You [illegible] not, of course, think of marrying me without asking my consent first, ha! ha!

Brick. You are quite jocose to bring the case home to [illegible]—But no, I would advise you never to marry against your own consent, which is a piece of advice I learnt [illegible]. But as it is proper to refer a part of the matter to your discretion, when shall be the happy day?

Miss E. Why, hem,—I think,—hem, I ought not to [illegible] my [illegible] mouth.

Brick. Oh no, ma'am, but remember, a young couple [illegible] delay.

Miss E. You don't joke so Mr. Brick,—nevertheless, it [illegible] on the score of our ages.

Brick. Our ages!

Miss E. Indeed, I feel as if I were growing young again [illegible] has been growing old; but you say she is [illegible] to hear of your proposal; are you sure she is sincere?

Brick. Who! Miss Evergreen, why, she must be a fool [illegible] it. She has given me too many proofs [illegible] a minute of any doubt.

Miss E. Well, I did not think she was so much taken [illegible] thoughts of my welfare. I think of sending [illegible] the country for six months or a year.

Brick. Why madam, I thought you just now fixed our wedding day at a month from this time.

Miss E. [illegible] at the wedding.

Brick. Ha, ha! you are quite pleasant, yes, as the [illegible] might say as the culprit did to the crowd, whom he saw hurrying to the gallows, "there will be no fun till I get there."

Miss E. An odd comparison, Mr. Brick,—a wedding to a hanging.—If you love me do not use it again.

Brick. I'll be hanged, if I do ma'am. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Miss Evergreen and Miss Pendilly.

Miss E. I have something to apprise you of, Miss Lucy, though you know already pretty much what I mean.

Miss P. Perhaps so. (Aside.) Now for a furious lecture against the great bugbear of her perverse, incorrigible brains,—men, the deceivers. She has found out the matter about Mr. Brick, and woe betide me!

Miss E. This is a very strange thing, as you may imagine, after what I——

Miss P. Oh yes, yes. I know aunt, you have told me a thousand times that men are all deceivers, but you do not suspect me of——

Miss E. Yes, Mr. Brick has told me all.

Miss P. But now do consider aunt, I could not help it, how could I?

Miss E. Why it was somewhat nature's, child; however I cannot but help thinking you a little officious.

Miss P. Officious? how can you think so?

Miss E. Why to settle the whole affair, as it were, without knowing how I was disposed. How came you to be certain I should like Mr. Brick?

Miss P. Really I could not help thinking——

Miss E. However—no matter for that, so long as I do find it convenient to be pleased with him.

Miss P. Indeed! now this is unexpected goodness: I had the most dismal apprehension of your unwillingness.

Miss E. Ah child, to be sure I did talk against the men after a sort——but then Mr. Brick is so excellent a man.

Miss P. You overwhelm me with joy—and then you give your full consent?

Miss E. Yes. There is no resisting against fate, I knew my dream would come to pass.

Miss P. Dear me, I shall bless the memory of your great grand mother for making you a believer in dreams, and shall have a special regard for your stays too, for getting on topsy turvy.

Miss E. No more of that Lucy. Our marriage is to take place in a month.

Miss P. So soon? But you talk as if he was to marry both of us.

Miss E. Why, it will be as it were, all the same,—that is, we are both equally interested, and you will have a sort of a father-in-law.

Miss P. And you will have a sort of a son-in-law.

Miss E. Why not a—hem—an own son, should it please heaven? stranger things have happened.

Miss P. I do not exactly comprehend——

Miss E. Now just as if it would be altogether so wonderful,—my husband——

Miss P. What?——

[Enter Brick.]

Miss E. Ah, Mr. Brick, I was just talking with Lucy about the matter.

Miss P. My aunt has very kindly given her consent.

Brick. A very kind thing indeed. I shall entertain an eternal regard for you Miss Evergreen.

Miss E. Oh, you are profuse with your compliments Mr. Brick; but we may as well send Lucy away while we farther arrange the matter.

Brick. Really, would it not be as well to let her assist in regulating the affairs of her own marriage?

Miss E. How! and is she too thinking of being married?

Brick. Thinking of being married! Why, have we not all this while been talking about it, and is it not determined upon between us?

Miss E. My niece to be married? and to whom?

Brick. To whom! why, to me—you seem astonished.

Miss E. And well I may be.

Miss P. Surely aunt, you gave your consent,

Miss E. No.

Miss P. Most certainly you did, and said there was no resisting against fate, and your dream had come to pass, and——

Brick. And you said as much as this to me, also, Miss Evergreen.

Miss E. Certainly, I said all this; and I gave my consent—to marry you, Mr. Brick.

Brick. Me?

Miss E. Yes, as certainly as you made me the offer.

Brick. Mercy on me! what a mistake! I only offered to marry your niece.

Miss E. Mercy on me! is that all? I thought your fine speeches about love, and regard, and so forth, were intended for me.

Brick. I am grieved to have occasioned so great a disappointment, but I meant Miss Pendilly all the time.

Miss E. Oh monstrous! What deceivers all men are. I shall never get over this to my dying day! Oh shade of my great-grandmother! did I dream of a wedding, and put my stays on bottom upwards for nothing but this?

[Exeunt Omnes.

THE THEATRE.

Since our last Miss George has appeared upon the Tremont boards. She has performed conjointly with Mrs. Knight in the Operas of *John of Paris* and *The Devil's Bridge*. These pieces were acted with considerable spirit, but their chief attraction consists in the musical part which was principally sustained by these two accomplished female vocalists. Miss George is thought rather to have fallen off since the last season, by the generality of critics, and in truth we should judge that she was able to exert a greater degree of power than any thing she has done this week has exhibited. She has a sweet and flexible voice but not equal in compass and variety of tone to that of Mrs. Knight; however, we have not as yet witnessed any of her greatest efforts.

The comedy of *The Hypocrite* has been played to a thronged house. Mr. Finn personated Mawworm with an excellence that we have never seen surpassed, and Mr. Wilson as Cantwell gave an uncommonly favorable specimen of his powers. With Mrs. Barnes as Lady Lambert the Boston public are already familiar. She plays with as much talent and spirit as ever.

The Master's Rival, a new farce which has been twice represented within a week, bids fair to become a stock piece. It is a performance of ingenuity, and abounds with touches of sterling wit. Finn has made a capital hit in the character of Paul Shack, one of the heroes of the piece.

On Tuesday night, a pretty respectable audience was collected to witness the first essay of a young gentleman in the character of Norval. The audience showed abundant good nature, and when they could find nothing to applaud very civilly kept silent. There was but one opinion, however, of the merits of the actor. He will not probably appear a second time.

Fontainbleau, or John Bull in Paris gave occasion for Mrs. Knight and Miss George to appear together on Wednesday evening. The piece went off very satisfactorily. Mrs. Knight displayed great vivacity and humor in the [illegible] Smith on the same evening played Eustace in the main drama of *The Broken Sword*, with great and well-merited applause. He improves rapidly, and is already an actor of high and versatile powers.

Picture of Boston. Mr. R. Salmon, the painter of a much-admired drop-scene at the Federal-Street Theatre, representing a view of the new Market-House and the streets adjoining, has just completed a beautiful picture of a part of Boston and its Harbor, with the Islands in the distance, and has opened the Rotunda of the Quincy Market for the purpose of exhibiting it. In addition to this large painting, he has a collection of his own pieces, to the amount of ninety or a hundred, most of which are exceedingly creditable to the talents of the artist, and worthy of more particular notice than we can bestow on them at present. These, we understand, are to be sold. To such as are fond of the productions of the pencil, we would recommend a visit to the room which Mr. Salmon now occupies.

To Newspaper Editors. We have not a very exalted opinion of our own productions, but still, if they are worth stealing, they are worth claiming. We address ourselves to those Knights of the scissors and paste-pot, who are in the habit of copying our original articles and palming them off for their own.

FOREIGN.

The sum total of the foreign news for the past week is, that Constantinople, at the last advices, had not fallen into the hands of the Russians. They were, however, not many leagues distant, with the Grand Vizier's army in their rear, annoying them in a very disagreeable way. Dissensions among the Turks were prevalent, but the Grand Sultan was still resolute in his determination not to yield to the enemy until compelled.

GOSSIP.

"I hope here be truths."—Shakspeare.

Docking Horses. A couple of buckish fellows the other day driving tandem to astonish the cits, had the misfortune to be precipitated, with their span of gallant steeds, into the mud of a dock at the South end. It was low water and there was no drowning; the ground was deliciously soft, and there was no breaking of necks. The gentlemen and their animals were taken out as sweet as could be expected.

Gum Game. An unfortunate wight in this city lately brought an action against a quack dentist for spoiling all his lower teeth and leaving him nothing but the edge of his maxillary to chaw his meat with. There was much *jaw* on the occasion between the lawyers, but the plaintiff was left with nothing but his sore gums.

Whiskey Punch. The captain of a coaster, at Long wharf, was yesterday standing near the hatchway of his craft, while sundry barrels of whiskey were being unloaded; the tackles happening to give an unexpected swing, one of the barrels hit him a tremendous punch in the abdomen and knocked him overboard. He left a wife and seven small children——but was taken up without serious injury.

Searching Operation. A pickpocket was snapped up by the constables last Tuesday, *flagrante delicto*. He was groping in the coat pocket of a fine fellow staring at a shop window, and was abstracting a fist full of valuables therefrom, but they proved to be only a new pair of whiskers and three love letters written to himself in his own hand.

Civil Broils. An Opposition Line company in New Hampshire offer to take passengers in their stage, gratis, and treat them to a *broiled steak* on the road into the bargain.

Blubbering Complaint. The gas lights are making trouble. Complaints are now uttered by the South Sea whalemen that oil will not pay for making, and that fish must be left to enjoy their own blubber.

For the Galaxy and Mercury.

THE FLY.

"And welcome moth and drowsy fly,
That to mine ear come humming by."
JOANNA BAILLIE.

Do not think, gentle reader, that I am about to give you a panegyric upon flies because I have selected for a motto the words of a poetess who would seem to find pleasure in the society, and music in the noise of these insects, so justly dreaded by her sex, who, more than the other, are exposed to their annoyances. No; I have made this quotation only to show the oddity, the singularity of taste in the fair authoress, who could thus welcome to her ear one of the greatest nuisances that ever existed, one of the greatest evils with which the vengeance of a just heaven ever visited the sins of men. In the whole catalogue of trials, vexations and miseries that surround us, where can there be found one so intolerable as the provoking intrusions of these little—devils, I had like to have said,—pardon me, dear reader, I am not habitually profane; I seldom swear unless seriously provoked; but hardly have I commenced my essay, which I intended should be extremely witty and amusing, when one of these vile—animals—insects—or whatever you please to call them, as if knowing the subject of my article, and determined to avenge himself, and deter me from my purpose, has made a most furious attack upon the outworks of my castle of intellects, first buzzing his war-song in my ear, then assailing my face and eyes, and at last settling with a most determined tickle upon the extremity of my proboscis, a feature by the way, whose tremendous dimensions render it extremely liable to their malignant and provoking assaults. He has completely broken the thread of my discourse, dissipated my wit, and aroused the worst passions of which my gentle nature is susceptible. Can any reasonable person, any one in the least acquainted with the frailty of human nature, be surprised that I should have used a harsh expression, that I should have uttered an uncivil word, in an unguarded moment, when tormented in such a manner and by such an animal?

"Alas! what man of parts and sense
Could bear such vile impertinence?"

But he has paid the penalty of his temerity. He lies at this moment prostrate at my feet; and if the violence of the blow which laid him there has drawn tears from my eyes and a sneeze from my nose, it has also effected the dispersion of a host of his companions that were collecting to the support of their rash leader, but which have now left me to the free enjoyment of my cogitations, and to recover that placid serenity of temper which their vexatious intrusions have so unfortunately interrupted.

From the attacks of this worthless little animal, no class of beings, no rank in society, no age, sex or condition is exempt. The maid in the kitchen, and the lady in her parlour,—the criminal at the bar, and the judge on the bench,—the peasant, and the prince,—the skeleton of the sick man, and the frame of the healthy,—all are equally exposed to its depredations. Who that has sat down to a bowl of bread and milk, and found a host of them paddling about in it like a brood of ducks in a puddle, destroying at once both his food and his appetite;—what lady with her cup of hyson, into which they are flying by the dozen, willing to sacrifice their lives if they can but [illegible] them? How provoking to a person having a due regard for his health and comfort, and willing to devote an hour or two of a hot day to meditation and repose—who, when taking his siesta, and endeavoring to sink the cares and perplexities of life into a transient oblivion; is immediately surrounded by a swarm of flies, all buzzing in his ears, crawling over his face, tickling his lips, or biting his nose with the most insulting impertinence, causing such distortions of the countenance, such twistings, turnings and writhings of the body, such slaps and scratches of the hands and fingers as would make a spectator, unacquainted with the cause, suppose that his body was undergoing an operation of galvanism, or that he was a buffoon or a maniac.

It is in the country, in our newest settlements that the worst species of the fly, the *black fly*, is known to exist.—During the month of June the air is literally filled with them. Their bite is exceedingly poisonous, as the disfigured faces of our farmers often but too plainly demonstrate. Poor Sukey, the milkmaid, as she sits receiving the switches of her cow's tail, and guarding her pail which, with its contents, is often overturned in defiance of all her vigilance;—and Jack, the hostler, who lies sprawling at the barn door, uttering imprecations against the horses that kicked him there, and the flies that provoked them to the act—are sad exemplifications of the sore trials to which this insect subjects us. Our sweet girls also, in displaying the graces of their lovely bosoms in imitation of the fashionable town belles, are dreadfully exposed to their ravages. Vile insects! cannot the blood of all the brute tribes satisfy you? Must the veins of the "fairest of creation, the last and best of all God's works" be rifled of their rich contents to gratify your sanguinary appetites. Is it the malevolence of envy that invites you to the destruction of those beauties of which she is most proud, and in which you so wantonly revel? Or is it in the spirit of reproof that you commit these wanton depredations? Do you think that your admonitions will be heeded by those who sacrifice health, comfort, and ease at the altar of fashion? who are ready to brave death itself, when it comes in the shape of stays, corsets, busks, and all the paraphernalia of lacing? Alas! how vain are all your attempts! Deface her beauties with your most poisonous bites; feast yourselves upon her blood; instil your deadliest venom in her veins; your task to reform her were as futile as would be the attempt to level Chimborazo with the ocean.

It is impossible to enumerate the different species of flies that infest the earth, nor the many different ways in which they torment and vex us. While the dairy-woman finds them destroying her cheese, the epicure his venison, the farmer his crop of wheat, the confectioner his sweetmeats, the milliner her cambrics and muslins;—while the bed of sickness is infested with them, and our morning slumbers and our noon-day meditations are interrupted by their visits;—while our horses and our cattle are tormented by their bites; while our food is destroyed and our very gullets are invaded by them; who will not justify me in pronouncing them one of the greatest nuisances that ever existed? who does not at times imagine himself in Egypt while the land is suffering a repetition of the fourth plague? who will not acknowledge the injustice of man's antipathy against that useful race of insects, the spiders, those natural enemies and great destroyers of the fly?—and who will not laugh at the absurdity of Miss Joanna Baillie who could sing,

——"Welcome moth and drowsy fly,
That to mine ear come humming by."

TOM OF PENOBSCOT.

Copy of a proposal made by Mr. Macready to the engaged performers of Covent-garden Theatre, assembled at the Lyceum Theatre, on Tuesday, the 1st day of September, 1829:—"I will undertake to advance to the extent of 1,000*l*, without interest or expenses of any description, to open the theatre, and to defray immediate charges; such sum to be repaid out of the first surplus. I will give my time to the management without charge or profit, and my professional exertions shall also be gratuitous, without any expectation whatever of recompense, unless the accounts of the season shall produce a profit, and then leaving the ratio of such remuneration to be determined by a general meeting of creditors. In thus abandoning the whole of my professional profits, I do it with the understanding that the offer of the performers to relinquish a part of their's be abided by: the remaining part, however, of theirs to be paid before any surplus be declared, or any thing apportioned to myself. It must be a sine qua non that Mr. Kean, Messrs. Kemble and Fawcett, Miss Paton, and the other eminent performers attached to the establishment last season, shall continue with us. Should any arrangement be concluded in the mean time, and the rightful occupant determined, I will immediately resign my management; but, in the interim, the lessees, creditors, and other parties concerned, must guarantee me from personal risk beyond that which I have tendered (1,000*l*), and give a pledge for non-interference. Mr. C. Kemble's professional services are of so much importance, that a protection from the creditors to that gentleman must make part of this plan. In giving up my time and services to this undertaking, I am actuated by an earnest desire to assist my profession, to preserve the property, which is now valuable from dispersion, and to carry on the establishment to more prosperous times."

The following are some of the items in the Catalogue of the "valuable properties" of Covent-garden Theatre, advertised to be sold on Wednesday next. The sale, however, has since been postponed *sine die*. A Sheet of Thunder—A Pair of Clouds—The whole of the Devil's Elixir—Moonlight—Two Horizons—A Waterfall—The Back of the Grand Admiral—A Changeable Rosy Bower—A new Mine—The King's Bench—Two Changeable Woods—A Carnival—One half of Sherwood Forest—A Scotch Kitchen—A Myrtle Grove—A Prison—The Isle of Wight—The last Pantomime—Forty Fountains—The New Post Office—Day-light and Moon-light—A Dark Horizon—An Indian Forest—A Public-house—Gog's Cottage—Holyrood Chapel.—*London Herald.*

Mr. O'Connell stated, at a dinner at Cork the other day, that "he saw, while a human being was on trial for a capital felony, the Judge asleep, an attorney examining three witnesses at once, the Jury cheapening plums and apples with a fruit woman, and one of them reading a newspaper." This is a Dutch picture which we should like to see from the pencil of some modern Jan Stein.—*Ibid.*

Masonic Calendar.

COMMUNICATIONS NEXT WEEK.

Amicable,	Cambridge,	Monday,
Urbanity,	Nantucket,	"
Star in the East,	New Bedford,	"
Montgomery,	Medway,	Wednesday
St Paul's Chapter,	Boston,	Tuesday
Boston Encampment, K. T.	Boston,	Wednesday

Marriages.

In this city, Joseph Thayer to Mary E. Beals.
David Pillsbury, to Harriet Howell, of Taunton.
On Tuesday evening, Joseph Lovering, Esq. to Mrs. Mary Langdon Wales.
On Thursday evening last, Henry Sigourney to Margaret M. Decker.
In Lynn, George Atkinson to Sallus S. Bread.
In Hingham, Caleb Beal to Mary W. daughter of the late Cornell Beal, of Boston.
In Medway, Charles S. Cheever to Mary Lovell.
In Palmer, Mass. by the Rev. Mr. Wait, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Carter, of New York, an Episcopalian, and brother to the Groom, Luther C. Carter, merchant, of New York, to Mary L. 2d daughter of Deacon Converse, of Palmer.
In Attleboro', David E. Whiting to Florentia Pease.
In Newburyport, Wm. Plummer to Harriet Carter.
In New Bedford, John S. Taylor, merchant, to Mary, daughter of Deacon Joshua Barker.
William J. Robinson to Allen J. Wade.
In Springfield, James Hood, of Portland, to Joanna G. daughter of the late Jonathan Dwight, Esq.
In West Springfield, Caleb Wise to Laura Bedford.
In Westport, Reuben R. Capen, of Chatham, N. Y. to Lydia R. Gifford.
In Norwich, Con. Daniel T. Colt, of Boston, to Jane Griswold, daughter of the Hon. James Lanman.
[illegible]
In Syracuse, N. Y. George J. Tucker, Esq. of Lenox, to [illegible] daughter of [illegible].
In [illegible], N. Y. [illegible] to [illegible]. [illegible]
On the 6th inst. at the residence of Mrs. Key, in Georgetown, D. C. the Hon. [illegible], of Louisiana, and late Governor of that state, to [illegible], daughter of the late Philip B. Key, Esq.

Deaths.

In this city, [illegible].
[illegible]
In Quincy, [illegible].
[illegible]
In Rio de Janeiro, Capt. Davis, of Gloucester.

Deaths in this city the week ending Oct. 10:—males 14; [illegible]; still born 1.

Death of the Governor of Maine. [illegible]

SALES AT AUCTION.

On SATURDAY, (To-morrow) at 1 o'clock,
In front of Cunningham's Auction Room, corner of Milk and Federal streets.

[illegible]

J. L. CUNNINGHAM, Auctioneer.

On SATURDAY, (To-morrow,) at 10 o'clock.
At Cunningham's Auction Room.

Four cases fresh imported Holland Roots, just received per brig [illegible], consisting of [illegible] Tulips, Hyacinths, Narcissus, Jonquilles, Iris, Anemones, Ranunculus, Lilies, &c.
Sale positive, [illegible].

J. L. CUNNINGHAM, Auctioneer.

BLAIR'S LECTURES—NEW EDITION. Just received and for sale by CARTER & HENDEE, [illegible]

NEW-ENGLAND FARMER'S ALMANAC for 1830. Just published by Carter & Hendee, corner of Washington and School Streets, The New-England Farmer's Almanac, for 1830, by Thomas G. Fessenden, Editor of the New England Farmer. [illegible]

District of Massachusetts, to wit:—District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the fourteenth day of September, A. D. 1829, in the fifty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Carter & Hendee, of the said district, have deposited in this Office the title of a Book, the right whereof they claim as Proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

"[illegible]. A Medical Common Place Book, with an Alphabetical Index of the most common terms occurring in practice.—Carefully selected and arranged by a Fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an Act entitled "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints."

JNO. W. DAVIS,
Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

PARTRIDGE'S LEATHER PRESERVATIVE. A Fluid Composition for [illegible] preserving [illegible] Leather, rendering it soft, pliable, and elastic, and when completely dried, impenetrable by the wet. [illegible]
oct 9

ENCYCLOPÆDIA AMERICANA, Just published, and for sale by Carter & Hendee, Vol. 1 of the Encyclopædia Americana. A popular dictionary of Arts, Sciences, Literature, History, Politics, and Biography, brought down to the present time; including a copious collection of original articles in American Biography; on the basis of the seventh edition of the German Conversations-Lexicon. Edited by Francis Lieber, assisted by E. Wigglesworth.

C. & H. are agents for the above work, for the states of Maine, New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode-Island, [illegible]
oct 9

TOLLER ON EXECUTORS. CARTER & HENDEE, have just received and for sale, The Law of Executors and Administrators. By Samuel Toller, Esq. [illegible] by Francis Whitmarsh, Esq. of Gray's Inn, Barrister at Law. Third American, from the [illegible] London edition, [illegible] American Decisions. By Edward D. Ingraham. New Edition.
oct 9

Miscellanies.

ENGLISH SCENERY—WALKING—WARWICK-CASTLE—STRATFORD.

How difficult it is to get even a tolerable idea of any thing by description, though we may as much as we may, by any description, be convinced, and hear as many full and particular accounts as we may, of any body or of any thing, how surprised we are wont to be, when we come to have an opportunity of seeing and hearing, of travelling and judging for ourselves. My countrymen of England, before I had an opportunity of looking upon it with my own eyes, and I can confidently affirm that I knew from every accessible authority, that all England was a garden—a small, undulating, flowery landscape, veined with bright rivers, set thick with beautiful trees, and colored with the deepest green; for so main our fabulist and happy fellow-countryman, the author of the Sketch-Book. The first thing that struck him, though he landed at Liverpool, and in the month of January, did he not? was the luxuriant green grass of the whole country. Now I knew all this and important too, and in the same month, and though I had been a good while at sea, and your sea-voyage is a wonderful beautifier of landscape and scenery, I saw nothing but barrenness and sterility, ragged heath, old houses, and scattered trees, with a few windmills and hedge-rows that were hardly to be distinguished from each other. And so I may say of the English villages. Instead of finding them what I expected—hiding-places for the contented; overflowing with healthy and happy children, nourished and shaded with huge trees—with low-walled, thatched-roof cottages, and lattice-windows glittering through a net-work of wild flowers and thick leaves; all as fresh, as lively, and as clean-smelling as the newly-mown hay, or the beautiful natrushs of Miss Mitford; with all sorts of by-paths and green lanes interwoven like warp and woof through them, I found them to be, generally speaking, very old and very ugly; most of them top-heavy and ragged, the youngest a century or two old, as if the art of constructing houses had been lost for a hundred years. The people had no more kindness with the country than they would from their cattle, and neither of them were found. They [illegible] to the strangest way too, [illegible] been paying tithes in kind, age after age, now in a bit of earth, now in a bit of house; they are generally thatched I confess, though not exactly according to our ideas of thatching, as they are gathered from ballads, story books and picture-books, a mass of rich-looking shadow and colored light, flowing in broad currents down a sloping roof; but with a black, weather-worn, mouldy straw, here and there spotted with grey moss, instead of sunshine or the yellow wall-flower. Nor could I ever see any of the healthy and happy, clean-looking cottage-babes I had prepared to see, nor much of the clambering jessamine, the wild roses, or the ten thousand other things, which, though they are sometimes found about an English cottage, are no more characteristic of an English cottage, than a locust or poplar, a spruce or an elm is characteristic of the farm-houses in North-America. Cottages I did see,—there's no denying the fact—cottages even more beautiful than I ever saw described or painted; little straw-roofed baby houses, flowered all over, and cooled in the summer time by the shadow of tree-branches, forever playing in the wind and sunshine. But these were few.

I found here and there also, the most beautiful green lanes in the world, with hedge rows on both sides higher than I could reach, and completely overshadowed for a quarter of a mile at a stretch on one side, with fine old trees; yet allowing you glimpses here and there, as you loitered along, of the very [illegible] you would have most wished to [illegible] the green embankment had been cut through the flowering wall by one of those old fashioned landscape-painters, who filled their pictures with live trees and real water, fresh air, new turf and sparkling sunshine; bordering the whole with a border of sky and earth. I speak of the landscape gardeners of another age; not of those who convert forests and hills into patch-work, where

"Grove nods at grove—each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other."

A practice much more to be censured, by the way, than that of William the Conqueror, who, it is said—look at Hallam's Constitutional History for the refutation of that and other like tales—laid waste a multitude of gardens and villages to make a forest for his own expected amusement in hunting; as if he would not have been tired of the chase, or gathered to his fathers long and long before it should be sufficiently overgrown with trees for the wild animal to find a covert there.

But to return—why is it that we are never able to get a tolerably safe idea even of the general aspect of a country from the description of those who are able both to see and to describe, and who mean to describe faithfully? Simply because they will not describe what they see, *when they see it*, or in other language, *as they see it*. They do not record their impressions while they are new.—Their pictures are not drawn from the subject, but from memory; not from life, but from imagination. They are not as much portraits therefore, as bits of composition. If the veriest dolt would set down and tell on paper, just as he would if he were sitting on a bench at a tavern-door, with a penknife and a bit of shingle, or a mug of beer in his hand, exactly how he had felt and what he had thought, on seeing for the first time either a strange country or a strange sight, a building or a beast, we should be delighted—for we should then have what we never do have now from our artists—the simple truth. We should not be seeing at second hand then, with the organs and feelings of another; but we should be seeing for ourselves, as we are when we look at a portrait from life; which, though it were made in a hurry by a bungler, would always give a truer idea of the original than one manufactured a sketch from memory or imagination, [illegible] the same author. Try it with a child, if [illegible] a sincere lover of truth; and see if [illegible] obtain a better idea of any thing he does [illegible] than you ever do from the laboured up story of any body that is given us what is called description.

But let us give a sketch after the manner I allude to; for I have only to copy it from a scrap of paper now lying before me, crowded with hints from life.

The newest and the cleanest looking village I saw in England, and that which looked most like our thriving American villages, though the architecture was certainly much more elegant than ours, without being a bit more according to rule, was Lemington. Warwick [illegible] Kenilworth Castle. And yet, I shall not say, nor do I say, that as an English village I liked Lemington, for I did not. But I speak of it as about the only one I saw, which appeared to have increased at all within the memory of man. The others appear to have stood just where they now are, and looked just as they now look, for hundreds and hundreds of years, without the removal of a single ledge row or the putting of a single chimney. Throughout the country the style is of Harry the Eighth's time at the latest, with dormitories projecting over the pathway, and sometimes nearly touching their opposite neighbors; the streets so narrow, that as Theodore Hook says, you never could tell on which side you were walking, and the frames of oak oak visible through the plastering, even where they are not purposely left bare at first; like the skeleton of houses that have been petrified, or converted into architectural mummies, by the wind and breath or at least by the evaporation of centuries.

Lemington is a watering-place, which fifteen years ago could not be found on the map. It is now a pretty village. The chief attraction probably to Warwick Castle and the ruins of Kenilworth; for the waters and baths, judging by what I saw, are only an excuse for card-playing, dancing, lounging and lounging by the month.

A word of Warwick-Castle here, which being the first castle I had ever seen, except afar off or in decay, is now before me as distinct and massive with all its huge proportions pictured upon the blue sky, as if it were something approachable on horseback. It is beyond all question one of the two or three finest castles of the whole country; a strong hold worthy of that Guy, whose porridge-pot and flesh-fork they still show—the one about the size of a potash kettle, and the other of a hay fork—to say nothing of the jaw bone of the terrible dun cow still exhibited over the principal gate-way of Coventry, in size and shape like the broadside of a whale's or a mammoth's jaw. It is indeed a fortress—a baronial strong hold worthy of [illegible] has ever been said of it, and capable even now of withstanding the assault of a belaboring host. The best of the ancient parts are still in high preservation, though it was built in 1264; and the outline of turrets, walls, embrasures and keeps, when spread upon the western sky, is altogether one of the most picturesque and magnificent shows of warlike and feudal strength now to be found in that or any other country. Having heard much of the picture gallery here, and of the Vandykes more especially, I lost no time in presenting myself at the gate and praying leave to look at the interior. Such a request in our country from a stranger would be thought very odd, though even here they are beginning to follow the fashion at the south, when they are out of the tavern path, or in that which leads to the door of an eminent man, who may be visited, sponged and catechised with impunity by strangers, under pretence of paying their respects to him; or when they stumble upon the possessor of two or three tolerable pictures, with a score of bad ones, if he has a bed to spare.

But in England they know nothing of this.—Every stranger is expected to call—not to see the owner of the house, but the house itself, or the toll keeper. It is a tax paid by the gazers-by, partly to the pride of the powerful of the earth, who love to be stared *after* if not to be stared at, and partly to the supernumerated house-keeper, who in most noble houses contrives to obtain a considerable revenue by the show.

On this occasion, after we had sent up our names, my friend giving his from Coventry, and I mine from North America, the venerable house-keeper, instead of committing us to the charge of her neice, a young well behaved girl, but recently inducted into office, did me the honor—yes, the *honor*, for so I was given to understand before I had got away—the honor to attend us in person; her housekeepership having a decided partiality for all North America, and being rather curious to see how a native would bear the first sight of so awful a show as the interior of a castle, which had been the habitation of princes for nearly five hundred years. But she had seen several North Americans before, and was pleased to pay our country a good many compliments, and talk a good deal about what, barring her ideas of geography, I had no reason to be dissatisfied with, or disconfited by. The good old lady was in fact the finest live specimen I had ever met with, of what we sometimes see tried upon the stage, a mixture of statliness and condescension; so much so indeed, that when we came to part with her, I was greatly embarrassed on account of the fee. I knew not how to behave—whether to lift my hat to her and bid her good morning, as I should in my country to a woman of her bearing or condition of life, after she had been so civil, or to slip a piece of gold into some by-corner, where somebody else would be sure to find it after I had gone away. But my friend, who was an Englishman, and at home with the usages of his country, cut the matter short by saying to me—do n't give her more than five shillings; that 's enough to pay for four. *Give her*, said I, looking up in his face with astonishment. But he did not understand me; not a sign of surprise or perplexity did he show: it was all a matter of business with him—and with her, and so I resolved to consider it. Making a bow therefore, I slipped a crown-piece into her hand, as it involuntarily approached mine, while her eyes were looking another way; she dropped a half curtsy in reply, and the crown-piece into her glove—I dare say without knowing she had it, like the man who was caught running off with a grindstone at a fire. Thus the matter ended, very much to my relief.

But the pictures themselves were worth going three thousand miles to see. I had never seen a Vandyke before, and there were the best Vandykes in the world, except perhaps two or three at Blenheim, the Marlborough-House, near Oxford. Here too I saw the first pictures I had ever seen by Rubens, by Raphael, or by Titian, though I had seen copies by the score of each, that sold in our country for original, at a price varying from that of a fireboard to a Fourth-of-July-transparency. One of the most admirable things there, was either a Charles I. or II.—or may be the Prince of Orange, on horseback. So delighted was I with the bearing and beauty of the animal, a magnificent white charger, that I immediately wrote home to Sully, whose admirable horse in the Passage of the Delaware was before me like a vision, the instant I saw Vandyke's; to tell him how delighted I was with both.

I have already mentioned another part of the show, Guy's porridge-pot and flesh-fork, both of which are pretty shown, though the former is of huge bulk, and the latter much to much, like thinking pole and sword. Yet Guy of Warwick was really a giant; seven feet high or so, and this at a period when stature, bravery and strength were of themselves enough to make any body a ruler of men by law. The painted windows of Warwick Castle too, were the first I had seen of real worth, and they did not appear to me very ancient, though purified of the lost scarlet were to be found in them; and the prospect was one of the finest I ever saw. Kenilworth lay like the ruins of a walled village a little way off, all overgrown with the beauty and greenness of summer, which lay heaped up here and there, among the wreck of battlement and tower, in masses larger than a common church, though it was now the twenty-first of January—it exceeded all that I had ever imagined of the effect of ruins, and high-cultured decay, and strength, huddled up together in the same picture. While we were at Kenilworth, surrounded by a vast amphitheatre of dislocated wall, broken arches, and overthrown ramparts, upon which the turf lay in acres, and the ivy by cart-loads, a slow shower came up, like the approach of a thunder-cloud in hot weather, and completed the illusion. You would have thought as you heard the rattling and saw the flashing of the large drops among the green leaves, with the sunshine playing in spots on the turf below, that you were out in the very midst of a July afternoon.

"——————On the place
There fell a chaste, as on an awe-struck face."

And yet it was January, and the last of January. No wonder England has been thought to resemble a garden, by those of our countrymen who have gone thither in the fall of the year, and arrived in the middle of our winter. At Oxford, on the thirtieth of January 1826, I heard uncaged birds singing all about me, as I wandered among the trees.—*Neal.*

Divi i Peri, Poema v' Stikhakh, s. Podolinkogo. The Deev and the Peri, a Poetical Narrative, by A. Podolinsky. St. Petersburg. 1827.

When we reflect upon the peculiar circumstances in which Russia was placed at the period of her first giving encouragement to literature,—for, prior to the reign of Elizabeth, there is little that is at all entitled to the appellation—we can hardly be surprised at finding that her writers have availed themselves so freely of foreign materials, and thereby incurred the charge of want of originality. In other countries, literature has developed itself gradually; and if it borrowed comparatively little from foreign models, it was both because there were fewer communications for literary intercourse, and because there was not so great a disparity in the intellectual progress of different nations, as existed between Russia and her contemporaries at the period of which we are speaking. Yet the influence of the Italian school is sufficiently evident in our own writers of the sixteenth century; while that of the Spanish and French may be discerned in our dramatists and novelists of the seventeenth.

As soon as poetry ceases to be merely the vehicle of popular traditions, feelings and sentiments, it must, of necessity, while it loses much of its primitive rudeness, lose also something of its originality. Education, still more than locality, and other adventitious circumstances, influences our moods of thought and habits of mind. There is less difference between educated men of different countries, than between the educated and uneducated in the same; and even allowing that the varieties of forms of government and religion affect national character to a great extent, the prevailing color is the same, although its hues are more or less vivid. It might have been a praiseworthy, but it would certainly have been a singular, forbearance on the part of the writers of Russia, if instead of turning to the literature of nations which presented so many and such excellent models, for every form of composition, they had resolved to elaborate for themselves other moulds, and to pass through all the progressive stages that had been trodden by others. That they have not done so, is rather to be imputed to circumstances, than either to indolence or incapacity; and we might with almost equal propriety condemn them for having adopted improvements of which they were not the inventers, as for having availed themselves of the literary treasures of their neighbors, thereby familiarizing their countrymen with models, the merit of which had been long acknowledged. It must nevertheless be confessed, that what might be not only pardonable, but in some degree meritorious, in the infancy of its republic of letters, ceases to be so now, when we have a right to expect that Russian authors, no longer relying upon external aid, should show what they are able to accomplish of themselves. In saying this, however, it is by no means our intention to insinuate that Russia has produced no original poets or prose-writers; but they are certainly not so numerous as could be wished. Hitherto she has borrowed largely, let us hope that she will repay liberally.

The preceding remarks have been elicited from us by the poem now before us, which, owing to the general similarity both of manner and subject, has unfortunately for itself, brought so forcibly to our recollection Moore's "Paradise, and the Peri," that, in spite of our efforts, we cannot divest ourselves of the idea, that, although he has not acknowledged it, the Russian is considerably indebted to the English poet.

The outline of what in itself is hardly more than a sketch, the whole poem being confined to a single incident, may be given in a few words. Directing her course from Khorassan, a Peri arrives at a depopulated tract, once the country of the Ghebirs, but where solitude and ruin now attest the conquests of that Ghengis Khan on whom history has been pleased to bestow the much abused epithet of "Great." On beholding the desolation around her, and the ruined temples in which the Ghebirs or fire-worshippers were wont to offer up their adorations, she moralizes at some length on the instability of all sublunary grandeur. On a theme that has been descanted upon by poets and moralists of every age and country, it cannot be expected that we should meet with any very new or striking ideas; there is, nevertheless, a pleasing plaintiveness, both of thought and language, that befits the subject; and if the sentiments themselves present nothing remarkable to an English reader, the dress in which the poet has attired them, may probably give them an air of originality to a Russian one. On pursuing her route, the Peri falls in with, and is made captive by, some Deevs, who, as our readers may probably know, are celebrated in oriental mythology, as malevolent and vindictive spirits, continually at war with the race of Peris. She is confined in an enchanted tower, where the impassioned lyrics of the Deevs; and finding that he seems to feel some compunction for his sufferings, she endeavors to excite his sympathy, reminding him that they are both miserable—both guilty, but that by penitence they may even yet regain their former happiness. Moved to contrition, the Deev joins with the Peri in supplication for mercy and pardon from the Almighty, and the angel Israfil announces to them that their petition has been accepted. Out of these exceedingly scanty materials, the author has constructed a poem that has certainly afforded us much pleasure in the perusal; but we think that with a little more labor he might have considerably heightened its interest.

We give the following translated extracts as specimens of the poem.

VI.

Maids of the sun!—where dwell ye now?—
No longer burns your sacred fire;
No longer this wide desert through,
Your songs responsive echoes fire.
Ye are no more!—yet still your shades—
What time from heaven's deep vault in shade
The darkness that this earth invades,
Flit midst yon clouds with noiseless tread;
And joining with the triumph hymn
That floats from circling sphere to sphere,
Pour through the vesper ether dim
Mysterious music on the ear.
The weary wanderer, seeking rest
Beneath some tomb, itself decay'd,
Your chanting hears,—by fancy blest,
Beholds each disembodied maid;
As through you lonly screen ye gleam
Like the bright visions of a dream.
Oh! never again from their sabes may rise,
Those faces of the sun, you bliss to deck;
But with ruthless foot, on his way as he hies,
Shall the wanderer trample o'er their wreck.

VII.

Time those arches proud hath crush'd,
As past, on his fated course, he rush'd;
And o'on their last remaining trace
The sweeping storm will soon efface.
Yes! fallen in each Ghebir fane:
No relics of its pomp remain,
Yet is it hallowed still;
Like the holy tablets of the law,
Though cleft in twain, with sacred awe
The bosom shall it thrill;
Whilst breathes, to view its ruins dun
Amid the moonlight wild,
Of Ghebir race our sorrowing son,
The latest Ghebir child.

VIII.

Gaz'd on the mouldering column strange
The Peri, as lay of a valiant world
The fragments here, wonder hard'd;
And sigh'd to mark the change.
So fadeth away the pomp of earth!
The moment that beholds its birth,
Beholds it wither'd too.
To-day all splendor, and to-morrow—where?
Alas! how desolate and drear
Its wreck then meets our view.
Breathes but a scarcely-stirring wind,
It vanishes; nor leaves behind
Of its former self a trace;
Like as the image on the wave
Floats in the cradling stream its grave—
As shadows shadows chase.
In tide of joy as sorrow's hour
Diveepeth the brightest flower;
Fadeth at the revel and the feast,
As on the funeral bier when laid
To deck the pall of some clay-cold maid,
To be by icy fingers prest'd,
To wither on her pulseless breast.

IX.

Bright though they be, let flowers decay;
'Tis there's to grace a summer day,
To bud, to bloom, to fade;
But giant piles like these, that rear
To the clouds their haughty crest, nor fear
The lightning's flame their pride may sear.
Ah! why should time degrade?
While all around in darkness lay,
They glitter'd in the earliest ray
Of dawn,—first gleamed in the light
Of the regent star of night.
Their glory past'd: yet still remain'd
Their ruins, though disgraced and stain'd—
Though by the desert tempest rent,
Their own recording monument;
There to abide, until the shock
That poises still the globe it plane'd,
Should rend the mountain's granite base,
And hurl it into flaming space,—
Lash to the poles the raging main,
And rend the shivering earth in twain.

X.

But the day of final doom
Hath not arrived; nor from the tomb
Hath th' angel summon'd yet the dead.
All blooms below as at the birth
Of yon bright heaven, and this fair earth;
Nor are their beauties fled.
In their first loveliness array'd
Are vale and hill;
And as the infant waters play'd,
So play their streamlets still.
Still bloom the flowers; but they, the proud,
Once gorgeous shrines their hands have bow'd
To dust; and sad mementos lay
Of splendor mocked at by decay;
While veiling ivy, turfy moss,
The columns' shatter'd shafts emboss.
And only legend lays, that seem
The recollections of a dream,
To muse on their fall incline;
While for ages yet to be,
Their name shall remain a mystery,
Unknown their very site."

By way of contrast to this strain of melancholy commentary on the "sanctus sanctorum," we shall select a portion of the conference between the two spirits whose names form the title of the poem.

XIV.

"Peri, although outcast from heaven,
To dwell on earth to thee is given;
But I to darkness dread am driven,
In the yawning chasm's gloom,
In the mountain's cavern womb,
Or rifted rock, to house 'o my doom.
Through the enrank'd forest's glade
To wander like a guilty shade,
By night, by day.
Existence! how I execrate thee!
How gladly would annihilate thee!
Yet all in vain essay.
One thought—one wish harrows my soul—
That heaven's murderous bolt would roll,
And so mist scattered by the wind,
So I be scattered into naught.
But vain the wish, and vain the thought;
Death in every form I've sought,
Yet no where may I find.
Oft have I wing'd to Lybia's coast
My flight, and there the torrid coast,
With my pinions that have fann'd,
Till like a massive cloud—in solid column,
Then whelm the pilgrim host
Beneath its arid flood.
In vain o'er my head that tempest burst,
By me in this innocuous rush'd,
The battle of the air was hush'd,—
Amid the dead I stood—
Preserv'd my life occurred.
Oft have I flamed to the zenith
Within earth's womb, with hurtless rife,
When thunders, out of heaven, roar'd;
When smoke and flame from the gulph outpour'd;
When hurled with resistless shock
Flew through the air the shattered rock;
While tempest-wing [illegible]
Fell with dread crash, [illegible]
Of lava roll'd with [illegible]
Rolled [illegible] burst with [illegible]
While sought in vain [illegible]
I plung'd me in that [illegible] flame,
Yet perish'd not—[illegible]
To [illegible]

XV.

"One last—dread hope [illegible]
[illegible] I wing'd to [illegible]
Where [illegible]
Where rides on the wind triumphant [illegible]
There reigned desolation's pride;
It met my [illegible] every side.
[illegible]
"Greedy [illegible] behind she drove,
The fever burnt my bosom, my hope;
Yet e'en that poison prov'd [illegible]
On [illegible]
Peril in every dreadful guise
Destruction [illegible]
Alike the [illegible]
And [illegible]
Or [illegible]
That He, the Almighty, [illegible]
To me of mercy [illegible]?
Lo! intended on this blighted bower
The characters [illegible]
That doom me to despair each hour."

XVI.

"Deev, stay thy wild blasphemy [illegible]
Oh! trust thou [illegible]
To heaven, through [illegible]
Outpour to him thy soul of sin;
E'en yet his mercy seek to win.
Were Eblis still, of [illegible]
Whilst darling [illegible]
The most accurst, [illegible]
Prostrate before his throne to bend,
Alas his penitence would repent—
The penitent would [illegible]."

NO. 626

ENGLISH BOOKS. [illegible] have for sale, the following valuable Books: The Works of Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam, and Lord High Chancellor of England, in [illegible] vols. 4to.
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